





JOE MILLER'S JESTS:

OR, THE *J*

WITS VADE-MECUM.

BEING

A Collection of the most Brilliant Jests, the most excellent Bons Mots, and most pleasant short Stories in the *Eng'ish* Language; many of them transcribed from the Mouth of the Facetious Gentleman whose name they bear.

To which are added,

Choice Collections of Moral Sentences.

And of the most pointed and truly valuable

EPIGRAMS, in the British Tongue;

With the Names of the Authors to such as are known:

Most humbly inscribed

To those Choice Spirits of the Age,

His Majesty's Poet Laurear, Mr. David Garrick,
Mr. The. Cibber, Mr. Justice Eodens's Horse,
Tom Jones, the most impudent man living, the
Rev. Mr. Henley, and Job Baker the Kettle
Drummer.

L O N D O N.

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JOE MILLER's JESTS.

TWO gentlemen disputing about religion in Burton's coffee-house, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't say the Lord's Prayer; Done, said the other, and Sir Richard Steele here shall hold stakes. The money being deposited, the gentleman began with, I believe in God, and so went cleverly through the Creed: Well, said the other, I own I have lost; I did not think he could have done it.

An English gentleman asked Sir Richard Steele, who was an Irishman, what was the reason that his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering, and making bulls? Faith said the knight, I believe there is something in the air of Ireland; and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there, he would do the same.

A certain nobleman, a courtier, in the beginning of the late reign, coming out of the House of Lords, accosted the duke of Buckingham, with, how does your pot boil, my lord, these troublesome times? To which his grace replied, I

never go into my kitchen, but I dare say the scum is uppermost.

A gentleman having lent a guinea for two or three days to a person whose promises he had not much faith in, was very much surpriz'd to find, that he very punctually kept his word with him; the same gentleman being some time after desirous of borrowing a larger sum, No, said the other, you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shall not do it a second time.

A country parson having divided his text under two and twenty heads; one of the congregation was getting out of the church in a great hurry; but a neighbour pulling him by the sleeve, asked him whither he was going, Home for my night cap, answered the first; for I find we are to stay here all night.

Daniel Purcell, the famous punster, and a friend of his, meeting, and having a desire to drink a glass of wine together upon the 30th of January, king Charles's martyrdom, they went to the Salutation tavern upon Holborn-hill, and finding the doors shut, they knocked at it, but it was not open'd to them, only one of
the

the drawers look'd through a little wicket, and ask'd what they would please to have? Why, open your door, said Daniel, and draw us a pint of wine : The drawer said his master would not allow it that day, for it was a fast. D-mn your master, replied he, for a precise coxcomb, is he not contented to fast himself, but he must make his doors fast too ?

The same gentleman calling for some pipes in a tavern, complaining they were too short : The drawer said they had no other, and those were but just come in. Ay, said Daniel, I see your master has not bought them very long.

The same gentleman, as he had the character of a great punster, was desired one night in company, by a gentleman, to make a pun extempore, Upon what subject? said Daniel. The king, answered the other. Oh, Sir, said he, the king is no subject.

An irish lawyer of the temple, having occasion to go to dinner, left the directions in his keyhole. Gone to the elephant and castle, where you shall find me ; and if you can't read this, carry it to the stationer's, and he shall read it for you.

The same gentleman had a client of his own country who was a sailor, and having been at sea for some time, his wife was married again in his absence, so he was resolved to prosecute her; and coming to advise with this counsellor, he told him, he must have witnesses to prove that he was alive when his wife married again. Arrah. by my shoul, but that shall be impossible, said the other; for my ship mates are all gone to sea again upon a long voyage, and shan't return this twelvemonth. Oh! then answered the counsellor, there can be nothing done in it; and what a pity it is that such a brave cause should be lost now, only because you cannot prove yourself to be alive.

Poor Joe Miller happening one day to be caught by one of his friends, in a very familiar posture with a cook wench, who was exceedingly ugly, was pretty much rallied by them for the oddness of his fancy. Why look ye, gentlemen, said he, altho' I am not a very young fellow, I have a good constitution, and am not, I thank Heaven, reduced yet either to beauty or brandy to whet my appetite.

Mr. Congreve going up the water in a boat, one of the watermen told him as they passed by Peterborough house, at Mill-bank, that the house had sunk a story. No, friend said he, I rather believe it is a story raised.

The aforesaid house, which is the very last in London one way, being rebuilt, a gentleman ask'd another, Who liv'd in it; His friend told him, Sir Robert Grosvenor; I do not know, said the first, what estate Sir Robert has, but he ought to have a very good one; for nobody lives beyond him in the whole town.

When Oliver first coin'd his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, God with us : on the other, The Commonwealth of England. I see, said he, God and the Common wealth are on different sides.

Colonel Bond, who had been one of king Charles the First's judges, died a day or two before Oliver, and it was strongly reported every where that Cromwell was dead ; No, said a gentleman, who knew better, he has only given Bond to the devil for his farther appearance.

A welchman bragging of his family, said, His father's effigy was set up in Westminster-abbey ; being ask'd whereabouts, he said, In the same monument with squire Thynne's for he was his coachman.

A person was saying, not at all to the purpose, that really Sampson was a strong man : Ay, said another, but you are much stronger ; for you make nothing of lugging him in by the head and shoulders.

My lord Stangford, who stammer'd very much, was telling a certain bishop that sat at his table, that Balaam's ass spoke, because he was pri-est--Priest-rid, Sir, said a valet-de-chambre, who stood behind the chair, my lord would say. No, friend, replied the bishop, Balaam could not speak himself, and so his ass spoke for him.

The same noble lord ask'd a clergyman once, at the bottom of the table, Why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next to the parson? Really, said he, I can give no reason for it ; but your question is so odd, that I shall never see a goose for the future, without thinking of your lordship.

After the fire of London, there was an act of parliament to regulate the buildings of the city; every house was to be three stories high, and there was to be no balconies backwards: A Gloucestershire gentleman, a man of great wit and humour, just after this act passed, going along the street, and seeing a little crooked gentlewoman on the other side of the way, he runs over to her in great haste; Lord, madam, said he, how dare you walk thus publickly in the streets? Walk publickly in the streets! and why not, pray Sir? answer'd the little woman. Because, said he, you are built directly contrary to act of parliament; you are but two stories high, and your balcony hangs over your house of office.

One Mr. Topham was so very tall, that if he was now living, when people are fond of shows, he might have made a very good one; this gentleman going one day to enquire for a countryman a little way out of town, when he came to the house, he look'd in at a little window over the door, and ask'd the woman, who sat by the fire, if her husband was at home, No, sir, said she, but
if

if you please to alight, and come in, I'll go and call him.

The same gentleman walking across Covent Garden, was ask'd by a beggar-woman for a halfpenny, or farthing; but finding he would not part with his money, she begged for Christ's sake, he would give her one of his old shoes. He was very desirous to know what she could do with one shoe; To make my child a cradle, sir, said she.

King Charles 2d having ordered a new suit of cloaths to be made, just at a time when addreses were coming up to him from all parts of the kingdom, Tom Killegrew went to the taylor, and ordered him to make a very large pocket on one side of the coat, and one so small on the other, that the king could hardly get his hand into it; which seeming very odd, when they were brought home, the king ask'd the meaning of it; the taylor said, Mr. Killegrew ordered it so. Kille-grew being sent for, and interrogated, said, One pocket was for the addreses of his majesty's subjects, the other for the money they would give him.

A gentleman ask'd Nanny Rochford,
Why the Whigs, in their mourning for
Queen anne, all wore silk stockings?
Because, said she, the Tories wear worsted.

A gentleman eating some mutton that
was very tough, said, it put him in mind
of an old English poet : Being asked who
that was, Chau-cer, replied he.

Michael Angelo, in his picture of the
Last Judgment, in the Pope's chapel,
painted among the figures in hell that of
a certain cardinal, so like, that every
body knew it at first sight : Whereupon
the cardinal complaining to Pope Clement
the 7th of the affront, and desiring it
might be defaced ; You know very well,
said the pope, I have power to deliver a
soul out of purgatory, but not out of
hell.

A certain author was telling George
Sewell, that a passage found fault with in
his poem might be justified, and that he
thought it a metaphor ; It is such a one
then, said the doctor, as truly I never
met-a-fore.

Two oxford scholars meeting on the
road with a yorkshire osler, they fell to
bantering

bantering him, and told the fellow that they would prove him to be a horse or an ass. Well, said the ostler, and I can prove your saddle to be a mule. A mule! cried one of them, how can that be? Because, said the ostler, it is something between a horse and an ass.

An English gentleman happening to be in Brecknockshire, used sometimes to divert himself with shooting; and being suspected not to be qualified by one of the little Welsh Justices, his worship told him, that unless he could produce his qualification, he should not allow him to shoot there, and he had but two little manors. Yes, Sir, said the Englishman, any body may perceive that. Perceive what? cried the Welchman; That you have too little manners, said the other.

A country farmer going cross his grounds in the dusk of the evening, espied a young fellow and a lass very busy near a five-bar gate, in one of the fields, and calling to them to know what they were about, said the young man, No harm, farmer, we are only going to prop-a-gate.

A prince laughing at one of his courtiers, whom he had employed in several embassies, told him, he look'd like an owl. I know not, answered the courtier, what I look like ; but this I know, that I have had the honour several times to represent your majesty's person.

A country fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last looked into a scrivener's, where seeing only one one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity they sold there ; but calling to the clerk, Pray sir, said he, what do you sell here ? Loggerheads, cried the other. Do you, answered the countryman, Egad then you've a special trade, for I see you have but one left.

A nobleman having chosen a very illiterate person for his library keeper, one said it was like a seraglio, kept by an eunuch.

When sir Cloudesly Shovel set out on his last expedition, there was a form of prayer composed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, **for** the success of the fleet, in which **his** grace made use of this unlucky expression, That he begged God

would be a rock of defence to the fleet ;
 which occasioned the following lines to
 be made upon the monument set up in
 Westminster Abbey, he being cast away
 in that expedition, on the rocks called,
 Bishop and his clerks.

*As Lambeth pray'd such was the dire event,
 Else had we wanted now this monument;
 That God unto our fleet would be a rock,
 Nor did kind Heaven the wise petition mock,
 To what the Metropolitan said then,
 The Bishop and his Clerks reply'd Amen.*

Manners, who was himself but lately
 made Earl of Rutland, told sir Thomas
 More, He was too much elated by his
 preferment ; that he verified the old
 proverb,

Honores mutant Mores.

No, my lord, said sir Thomas, the pun
 will do much better in English,

Honours change Manners.

A witty knave coming into a lace shop
 upon

upon Ludgate-hill, said, He had occasion for a small quantity of very fine lace, and having pitched upon that he liked, asked the woman of the shop how much she would have for as much as would reach from one of his ears to the other, and measure which way she pleased, either over his head, or under his chin : After some words they agreed, and he paid the money down, and began to measure, saying, One of my ears is here, and the other is nailed to the pillory in Bristol, therefore I fear you have not enough to make good your bargain ; however, I will take this piece in part, and desire you will provide the rest with all expedition.

A beggar asking alms under the name of a poor scholar, a gentleman to whom he apply'd himself, asked him a question in latin. The fellow shaking his head, said, he did not understand him : Why said the gentleman, did not you say you were a poor scholar ? Yes, replied the other, a poor one indeed Sir, for I do not understand one word of latin.

A parson preaching a tiresome sermon on happiness, or bliss ; when he had

done, a gentleman told him he had forgot one sort of happiness: Happy are they that did not hear your sermon.

The emperor Augustus being shewn a young Grecian, who very much resembled him, asked the young man, if his mother had not been at Rome? No sir, answered the Grecian, but my father has.

Mr. G--n, the surgeon, being sent for to a gentleman who had just received a slight wound in a rencounter, gave orders to his servant to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaister; the patient turning a little pale, Lord sir, said he, I hope there is no danger? Yes, indeed is there, answered the surgeon for if the fellow don't set up a good pair of heels, the wound will heal before he returns.

A young fellow in the country, after having an affair with a girl in the neighbourhood, cried, What shall we do, bes, if you prove with child? Oh! very well, said she, for I'm to be married to-morrow.

A gentleman saying one day at table, that he could not endure a breast of mutton;

mutton ; You said so the other day, cried another, of a breast of veal. Very true, answered the first, I do not love the breast of any thing but of a woman, and that goes against my stomach.

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all fell a weeping but one man, who being asked, Why he did not weep with the rest? Oh! said he, I belong to another parish.

A gentleman who had been out a shooting, brought home a small bird with him, and having an irish servant, he asked him if he had shot that little bird, Yes, he told him. Arrah by my shoul, honey, replied the irishman, it was not worth powder and shot ; for this little thing would have died in the fall.

The same irishman being at a tavern where the cook was dressing some carp he observed that some of the fish moved after they were gutted and put in the pan, which very much surprizing Teague, Well now, faith, said he, of all the christian creatures that ever I saw, this same carp will live the longest after it is dead.

A gentleman happening to turn up against a house to make water, did not

see

see two young ladies looking out of a window close by, till he heard them giggling; then looking towards them, he asked them what made them so merry? Oh, Lord, said one of them, a very little thing will make us laugh.

It was said of one that remember'd every thing that he lent, but nothing he borrowed, that he had lost half his memory.

One speaking of Titus Oates, said, he was a villain in grain, and deserved to be well thresh'd.

Some women speaking of the pains of child birth, for my part, said one of them, it is less trouble to me, than to swallow a poach'd egg; Then sure, madam, answered another, your throat is very narrow,

A counsellor pleading at the bar with spectacles on who was blind with one eye, said he would produce nothing but what was ad rem. Then said one of the adverse party, you must take out one of the glasses of your spectacles, which I am sure is of no use.

The famous Tom Thynne, who was very remarkable for his good housekeeping

ing and hospitality, standing one day at his gate in the country, a beggar coming up to him, cried, he begged his worship would give him a mug of his small beer. Why how now, said he, what times are these, when beggars must be choosers, I say; bring this fellow a mug of strong beer.

It was said of a person who always eat at other people's tables, and was a great railer, That he never opened his mouth but to somebody's cost.

A spanish lady reading in a french romance, a long conversation between two lovers; What a deal of wit, said she, is here thrown away, when two lovers are got together by themselves, and nobody by.

Two very honest gentlemen, who dealt in brooms, meeting one day in the street, one ask'd the other, How the devil he could afford to under-sell him every where as he did, when he stole the stuff, and made the brooms himself; Why you silly dog answered the other, I steal them ready made

An irishman admiring the stately fabric of St. Paul's, asked, whether it was made
in

In England, or brought from beyond sea.

Fabricus the Roman consul, shew'd a great nobleness of mind, when the physician of king Pyrrhus made him a proposal to poison his master, by sending the physician back to Pyrrhus, with these memorable words ; Learn, O king, to make better choice both of thy friends and of thy foes.

Cato Major used to say, That wise men learnt more from fools, than fools from wise men.

A braggadocia chancing upon an occasion to run away full speed, he was asked by one, What was become of that courage he used so much to talk of. It is got, said he, all into my heels.

Somebody asked my lord bacon, what he thought of poets? Why, said he, I think them the very best writers next to those who write in prose.

A person said, that the scotch were certainly the best trained up for soldiers, of any people in the world ; for they began to handle their arms almost as soon as they were born.

A woman once prosecuted a gentleman for a rape: Upon the trial, the judge asked her if she made any resistance. I cried out, an't please you my lord. Ay, said one of the witnesses, but that was nine months after.

A young lady, who had been married but a short time, seeing her husband going to rise pretty early in the morning, said, What my dear are you getting up already; pray lie a little longer and rest yourself. No my dear, replied the husband I'll get up and rest myself.

A young fellow praising his mistress before a very amorous acquaintance of his, after having run through most of her charms, he came at length to her majestic gait, fine air, and delicate slender waist: Hold, says his friend, go no lower if you love me. But by your leave, says the other, I hope to go lower if she loves.

Two countrymen who had never seen a play in their lives, nor had any notion of it, went to the theatre in Drury-lane, when they placed themselves snug in the corner of the middle gallery; the first music played which they liked well enough; then the second and third to their great satisfaction

satisfaction : At length the curtain drew up and three or four actors entered to begin the play ; upon which one of the countrymen cried to the other, Come Hodge, let's be going, may hap the gentlemen are talking about business.

A Welshman and an Englishman vapouring one day at the fruitfulness of their countries, the englishman said, There was a close near the town where he was born which was so very fertile, that if a kiboo was thrown in over night, it would be so covered with grass, that it should be difficult to find it the next day. Splut, said the welshman, what's that, There's a close where hur was born, where you may put your horse in over night, and not be able to find him next morning.

A country fellow in Charles the second's time, selling his load of hay in the Hay-market, two gentlemen who came out of the Blue Posts, were talking of affairs ; one said, that things did not go right, the king had been at the house, and prorogued the parliament. The countryman coming home, was asked, What news in London ? Odd's-heart, said he, there's something to do there ; the king
has

has, it seems, berogued the parliament sadly.

One losing a bag of money of about 50*l*. between the temple gate and temple fixed a paper up, offering 10*l*. reward to those who took it up, and should return it; upon which the person that had it, came and writ underneath to the following effect; sir, I thank you, but you really bid me to my loss.

Two brothers coming once to be executed for some enormous crime, the eldest was turn'd off first, without speaking one word; the other mounting the ladder, began to harrangue the croud, whose ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some confession from him. Good people, said he, my brother hangs before my face, and you see what a lamentable spectacle he makes, in a few moments I shall be turned off too, and then you will see a pair of spectacles.

It was an usual saying of king Charles 2*d* that sailors got their money like horses, and spent it like asses. The following story is somewhat an instance of it. One sailor coming to see another on pay day, desired to borrow twenty shil-

lings of him. The monied man fell to telling out the sum in shillings, but a half crown thrusting his head in, put him out, and he began to tell again; but then an impertinent crown piece was as officious as his half brother had been, and again interrupted the tale; so that taking up a handful of silver, he cried, Here, Jack, give me a handful when your ship's paid; what a pox signifies counting it.

A person enquiring what became of such-a-one; Oh, dear, says one of the company, poor fellow, he died insolvent, and was buried by the parish. Died insolvent, cries another, that's a lie, for he died in England. I am sure I was at his burying.

A humorous countryman having bought a barn in partnership with a neighbour of his, neglected to make the least use of it, whilst the other had plentifully stored his part with corn and hay. In a little time the latter came to him, and conscientiously expostulated with him about laying out his money so fruitlessly. Pray neighbour says he, ne'er trouble your head, you may do what you will

will with your part of the barn, but I will set mine on fire.

A dog coming open mouth'd at a serjeant upon a march, he ran the spear of his halbert into his throat and kill'd him. The owner coming out, raved extremely that his dog was kill'd; and asked the serjeant, Why he could not as well have struck at him with the blunt end of his halbert; so I would, said he, if he had run at me with his tail.

King Charles the 2d being in company with the Lord Rochester, and others of the nobility, who had been drinking best part of the night, Killegrew came in. Now says the king, we shall hear of our faults; No, faith, says Killegrew, I don't care to trouble my head with that which all the town talks of.

A rich old miser finding himself very ill, sent for a parson to administer the last consolation of the church to him. Whilst the ceremony was performing, old Gripewell falls into a fit; on his recovery, the doctor offer'd the chalice to him. Indeed, cries he, I can't afford to lend you above twenty shillings upon't; I can't upon my word.

When the Lord Jefferies, before he was a judge, was pleading at the bar once, a country fellow giving evidence against his client, push'd the matter very home on the side he swore of. Jefferies, after his usual way, called out to the fellow, Hark you, you fellow, in the leather doublet, what have you for swearing? To which the countryman smartly replied Faith sir, if you had no more for lying than I have for swearing, you might e'en wear a leather doublet too.

The same Jefferies afterwards on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard, that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. Does your lordship, replied the old man, measure consciences by beards? If so, your lordship has none at all.

The Lord Dorset, in a former reign, was asking a certain Bishop, Why he conferr'd orders on so many blockheads? Oh, my lord, said he, it is better the ground should be plough'd by asses, than lie quite untill'd.

A certain lady to excuse herself for a frailty she had lately fallen into, said to an intimate friend of her's, Lord! how is it

possible for a woman to keep her cabinet unpick'd, when every fellow has got a key to it.

Mr. Dryden once at dinner, being offer'd by a lady the rump of a fowl, and refusing it, the lady said, Pray, Mr. Dryden, take it, the rump is the best part of the fowl. Yes, madam, said he, and so I think it is of the fair.

A company of gamesters falling out at a tavern, gave one another very scurvy language: at length those dreadful messengers of anger, the bottles and glasses, flew about like hail shot; one of which mistaking its errand, and hitting the waincoat instead of the person's head it was thrown at, brought the drawer rushing in; who cry'd, Diye call gentlemen? Call Gentlemen, says one of the standers by, no, they don't call gentlemen but they call one another rogue and rascal as fast as they can.

An amorous young fellow, making very warm addressees to a married woman, Pray, sir, be quiet, said she, I have a husband that won't thank you for making him a cuckold. No madam, replied he but you will I hope.

One seeing a kept whore, who made a very great figure, ask'd what estate she had? Oh! says another, a very good estate in tail.

Second thoughts, we commonly say, are best, and young women, who pretend to be averse to marriage, desire not to be taken at their words. One asking a girl, if she would have him? Faith, no John, says she, but you may have me if you will.

An honest bluff country farmer, meeting the parson of the parish in a bye lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson, with an erected crest, told him he was better fed than taught, Very true indeed Sir, reply'd the farmer, for you teach me, and I feed myself.

A cowardly servant, having been hunting with his lord, they had kill'd a wild boar; the fellow seeing the boar stir, betook himself to a tree; upon which his master call'd to him, and ask'd him what he was afraid of, the boar's guts were out; No matter for that, said he, his teeth are in.

A gentleman having bespoke a supper at an inn, desir'd his landlord to sup with him. The host came up, and thinking to pay a greater compliment than ordinary to his guest, pretended to find fault with the laying the cloth, and took the knives and forks, and threw them down stairs. The gentleman resolving not to balk his humour, threw the bottles and glasses down also; at which the host, being surpriz'd, enquired the reason of his so doing. Nay, nothing, reply'd the gentleman; but when I saw you throw the plates and knives down stairs, I thought you had a mind to sup below.

A philosopher carrying something hid under his cloak, an impertinent person ask'd him what he had under his cloak? To which the philosopher answer'd, I carry it there that you might not know.

A justice of peace seeing a parson on a very stately horse, riding between London and Hampstead, said to some gentlemen who were with him, Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud parson has got? I'll banter him a little. Doctor, said he, you don't follow the example of your great master, who was humbly

humbly content to ride upon an ass. Why really Sir, reply'd the parson, the king has made so many asses justices, that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride, if he had a mind to it.

An old man who had married a young wife; complain'd to a friend, how unhappy he had always been: When I was young, said he, I went abroad for want of a wife; and now I am old, my wife goes abroad for want of a husband.

One irishman meeting another, ask'd, What was become of their old acquaintance Patrick Murphy? Arrah now, dear honey, answer'd the other, poor Patty was condemn'd to be hang'd; but he sav'd his life by dying in prison.

The standers by, to comfort a poor man, who lay on his death bed, told him, He should be carried to church by four very proper fellows: I thank ye, said he, but I had much rather go by myself.

When poor Daniel Button died, one of his punning customers being at his burial, and looking on the grave, cried out, This is a more lasting Button-hole, than any made by a taylor.

One asking a painter how he could paint such pretty faces in his pictures, and yet get such homely children? Because, said he, I make the first by day light, and the other in the dark.

Some men and their wives, who all liv'd in the same street, and on the same side of the way, being merry-making at a neighbour's house, said one of the husbands, it is reported, that all the men in our row are cuckolds but one: His wife soon after being a little thoughtful, What makes you so sad, my dear? said her husband, I hope you are not offended at what I said? No, replied she, I am only considering who that one can be in our row that is not a cuckold.

One ask'd his friend, Why he, being so proper a man himself, had married so small a wife. Why friend, said he, I thought you had known, that of all evils we should chuse the least.

A gentleman speaking of Peggy Yates, the famous courtesan, who had always an abundance of fine cloaths, said, She was like a squirrel, for she always covered her back with her tail.

One wished a young married man joy, for she heard his wife was quick already, she told him. Ay, said he, quick indeed, for I have been married but six months and she was brought to bed yesterday.

One asking another which way a man might use tobacco to have any benefit from it: By setting up a shop to sell it, said he, for certainly there is no profit to be had from it any other way.

The same wag, an arch one to be sure, said taylorors were like woodcocks, for they got there sustenance by their long bills.

A taylor sent his bill to a lawyer for money: the lawyer bid the boy tell his master, that he was not running away, but very busy at that time. The boy comes again, and tells him he must needs have the money. Didst tell thy master, said the lawyer, that I was not running away? Yes sir, answer'd the boy, but he bade me tell you that he was.

An extravagant young fellow rallying a frugal country squire who had a good estate and spent but little of it, said among other things, I'll warrant you that plate button'd suit was your great grand-father's

father's. Yes, said the other, and I have my great grand-father's lands too.

A gentleman having sent for his carpenter's servant to knock a nail or two in his study, the fellow after he had done scratched his ears, and said, He hoped the gentleman would give him something to make him drink. Make you drink? says the gentleman, there's pickle herring for you, and if that won't make you drink I'll give you another.

A young gentleman having got his neighbour's maid with child, the master, a grave man, came to expostulate with him about it. Lord sir, said he, I wonder how you could do so: Prithee where is the wonder, said the other, if she had got me with child, you might have wonder'd indeed.

A sharper of the town seeing a country gentleman sit alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made of him, he went and sat near him, and took the liberty to drink with him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a paper of tobacco, and said, do you smoke sir? Yes, says the gentleman, very gravely, any one that has a design upon me.

The

The arch duke of austria having been forced to raise the siege of a town called Grave, in Holland, and to retreat privately in the night; Queen Elizabeth said to his secretary here,—What your master is risen from the grave without sound of trumpet.

Lawyers and chambermaids, said a wicked young fellow, are like Balaam's aſs, they never speak unless they see an angel.

A country 'squire being in company with his mistress, and wanting his servant, cry'd out, where is this blockhead? Upon your shoulders, said the lady.

A philosopher being ask'd, why learned men frequented rich men's houses, but rich men seldom visited the learned, answered, That the first know what they want, but the latter do not.

Plutarch used to say of men of small capacities put into great places, like statues set upon great pillars, are made to appear the less by their advancement.

The late sir Robert Henley, having received a commission, constituting him captain of the Eleanor fireship, was the same evening passing home to his lodgings

when a fine madam meeting him in the street, earnestly intreated the favour of a glass of wine; the baronet cursing her for a silly whore, said, He was well content with one fireship in one day.

Young fellows, said a mettled girl, are generally in the wrong, so very impudent that they are nauseous, or so modest that they are useless.

Married women, said one, usually shew all their modesty the first day, as married men shew all their love the first night.

For a king to engage his people in a war, to carry off every little humour in the state, is like a physician's ordering his patient to be flux'd for a pimple.

A certain Lord would fain have persuaded a dependant on his lordship to marry his cast-off-mistress, For though, says he, she has been a little used, when she has got a good husband she may turn. Ay but my lord, replied the other, she has been so much used, that I fear she is not worth turning.

An irish fellow vaunting of his birth and family, affirmed, That when he came first to England, he made such a figure,

that the bells rang through all the towns he passed to London ; ay, said a gentleman in company, I suppose that was because you came up in a waggon with a bell team.

Two country attornies overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to break a joke with him, ask'd him, why his fore-horse was so fat and the rest so lean ? The waggoner knowing them to be limbs of the law, answer'd them, That his fore-horse was his lawyer, and the rest were his clients.

At a cause tried at the king's bench bar, a witness was produced who had a very red nose, and one of the counsel, a good impudent fellow, being desirous to put him out of countenance, called out to him, after he was sworn, Well, let's hear what you have to say with your copper nose ? Why sir, said he, by the oath I have taken, I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face.

An old roundhead in Oliver's time, complaining of some heavy rain that fell, said a cavalier, standing by, What unreasonable fellows you roundheads are, will neither be pleased when God rains,

rains, nor when the king reigns.

A young curate, with more pertness than wit, being ask'd in company, How he came to take it into his head to enter into the ministry of the church? Because said he, the Lord had need of me. That may be, reply'd a gentleman present, for I have often read that the Lord had need of an ass.

One was joking with a lawyer for tarrying so long from his wife upon the circuit, saying in his absence she might want due benevolence: I shall give her use for that, answer'd the lawyer, at my return; and put the case any one ow'd you fifty pounds, wou'd you not rather have it in a lump than shilling by shilling? It is true reply'd the other, most people would; but it would vex you if your wife should want a shilling in your absence, and be forced to borrow it.

When king Charles the first was in great anxiety about signing the warrant for the Earl of Strafford's execution, saying, It was next to death to part with so able a minister, and so loyal a subject,

a certain favourite of the king's standing by, soon resolved his majesty, by telling him, That in such an exigence, a man had better part with his crutch than his leg.

At the masquerade in the Hay-market one appearing in the habit of a bishop, another, for the jests sake, bow'd his knee to ask a blessing. The former laying his hand on his head, very demurely said, Prithee rise there's nothing in't indeed friend.

A person having been put to great shifts to get money to support his credit ; some of his creditors at length sent him word, that they would give him trouble. Pox, says he, I have had trouble enough to borrow the money, and had not need be troubled to pay it again.

A termagent sempstress coming to dun a young fellow at his lodgings, where he was terribly afraid to have his landlady hear ; she began to open her quail pipes at a great rate, but was presently seized with a fit of coughing. Lord, says she, I have got such a cold I can hardly speak. Nay, as to that, says he, I don't care how softly you speak.
Don't

Don't tell me of speaking softly, says she, let me have my money, or I'll take the law of you, Do, says he, then you'll be forced to hold your tongue for the law allows nobody to scold in their own cause.

A woman may learn one useful hint from the game of backgammon, which is, not to take up her man till she is sure of binding him—Had poor M—d thought of this, when she had once gain'd her point, she would never afterwards have made such a blot in her tables.

A certain philosopher when he saw men in a hurry to finish any matter, used to say, Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner.

One speaking on an agreeable young fellow, said, he had wit enough to call his good nature in question, and yet good nature enough to make his wit suspected.

In Oliver's time when people were married by a justice of the peace, one giving a reason for it, said, That none was so fit to marry others than he that, by virtue of his office, was impower'd to lay people by their heels.

One said of a fantastical fellow, that he was the folio of himself, bound up in his own calf's leather, and gilt about the edges.

An old fellow having a great itch after his neighbour's wife, employed her chambermaid in the business. At the next meeting he enquir'd, what answer the lady had sent him? Answer! said the girl, why she has sent you this for a token (giving him a smart flap in the face.) Ay, cry'd the old fellow, rubbing his chaps, and you have lost none of it by e way: I thank you.

A gentleman complaining of a misfortune, said it was all along with that drunken sot his man, who could not keep himself sober. With respect to your worship, said the fellow, I know very few drunken sots that do keep themselves sober.

One said of a young woman, whose chastity was violently assaulted by a handsome young fellow, That she was in as fair a way to be ruined, as a boy was to be a rogue, when he was first put clerk to an attorney.

A certain Irishman making love to a
great

great fortune, told her, that he could not sleep for dreaming of her.

I'll swear, says a gentleman to his mistress, you are very handsome. Phoo, says she, so you'd say, tho' you did not think so. And so you'd think, answer'd he, though I should not say so.

A merry drolling fellow, who liv'd with a lady that was just on the point of matrimony, being sent with a how d'ye to an acquaintance of her's who liv'd a few miles off, was ask'd how his lady did? Ah, dear madam, reply'd the fellow she can never live long in this condition.

'Twas a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concern'd in a conspiracy? resolutely answer'd, She had hid him. This confession drew her before the king, who told her, Nothing but her discovering where her Lord was conceal'd, could save her from the torture. And will that do? says the lady, Yes, says the king, I give you my word for it. Then, says she, I have hid him in my heart, there you'll find him. Which surprizing answer charm'd her enemies.

An

An English gentleman travelling to France, had made choice of an abbot as wicked as himself, for the companion of his pleasure : One of his countrymen told him, That tho' the abbot and he differ'd about the way to heaven, they were in a fair way of going to the devil together.

A pleasant self-will'd coxcomb was threat'ning if his humour was not gratified, to leave his relations and family, and go away to France. Let him alone, says one, he will come back from France before he gets half way to Dover.

A countryman in the street enquiring the way to Newgate, an arch fellow that heard him, said, he'd shew him presently. Do but go cross the way, said he, to yon Goldsmith's shop, and move off with one of those silver tankards, and it will bring you thither presently.

Men sometimes blurt out very unlucky truths. A town beggar was very importunate with a rich miser, whom he accosted in the following phrase: Pray Sir, bestow your charity, Prithee friend be quiet, replied old Gripus, I have it not.

Two conceited coxcombs wrangling
and

and exposing one another before company, one told them, That they had both done like wits: For your wits, says he, never give over, till you prove one another fools.

One seeing an affected coxcomb buying books, told him, His bookseller was properly his upholsterer, for he furnish'd his room rather than his head.

A young lady, with a good fortune, having bestow'd herself on a wild young fellow, Well, says the old lady her aunt, for all you were so eager to have him, you'll have your belly full of him in a little time I'll warrant you.

A lawyer and a physician having a dispute about precedence, referr'd it to Diogenes, who gave it in favour of the lawyer in these terms: Let the thief go before, and the executioner follow.

A citizen dying greatly in debt; it coming to his creditors ears, Farewell, said one, there is so much of mine gone with him; and he carried so much of mine, said another; One hearing them make their several complaints, said, well I see now that though a man can carry nothing of his own out of the world, yet
he

he may carry a great deal of other mens.

A scholar in College-hall, declaiming having a bad memory, was at a stand; whereupon in a low voice, he desired one that stood close by, to help him out; No, says the other, methinks you are out enough already

A gentleman riding near the forest of which-wood in Oxfordshire, ask'd a fellow, what that wood was called; he said which-wood, Sir; why that wood, said the gentleman; which-wood, Sir; why that wood I tell thee; he still said which-wood. I think, said the gentleman, thou art as senseless as the wood that grows there; It may be so, replied the other, but you know not which-wood.

A gentleman who loved every thing that was foreign, and was extremely fond of hard names, dining at a friend's house ask'd him, what was the name of the wine was, of which he had just drank a glass at table; his friend knowing that it was but indifferent, and recollecting that he had bought it in Stocks Market, told him it was the true Stoko Marketto; upon which he found the wine excellent
and

and gave it great encomiums.

Fond wives, said one, do by their husbands as barren wives do by their lap-dogs, cram them with sweetmeats, 'till they cloy their stomachs.

A knavish attorney asking a very worthy gentleman, what was honesty? What is that to you, said he, meddle with those things that concern you.

A fellow hearing one say, according to the Italian proverb, That three women make a market with their chatting; Nay then, said he, add my wife to them and they will make a fair.

Hermon was covetous, according to the testimony of Lucilius, and dreaming one night that he had spent some money hang'd himself in the morning; but Dinarchee Philo quitted the design he had once taken to hang himself, because he grudg'd the expence of a rope.

A dyer in a court of justice, being ordered to hold up his hand, that was all black; Take off your glove friend, said the judge to him; Put on your spectacles, my Lord, answered the dyer.

An Irishman having been obliged to live with his master some time in Scotland

when he came home again, some of his companions ask'd him, How he lik'd Scotland? I will tell you now, said he, by Chrest I was sick all de while I was dere, and if I had lived dere till this time, I had been dead a year ago.

Zelim, the first of the Ottoman Emperors that shaved his beard, his predecessors having always worn it long, being asked by one of his bashaws, why he altered the custom of his predecessors? answered, Because you bashaws shall not lead me by the beard, as you did them.

It being told Antigonus, in order to intimidate him, as he marched to the field of battle, that the enemy would shoot such vollies of arrows as would intercept the light of the sun. I am glad of it, replied he, for it being very hot, we shall then fight in the shade.

A sailor having received ten guineas for turning Roman Catholick, said to the priest that paid him the money, Sir you ought to give me ten guineas more, because it is so damnable hard to believe transubstantiation.

It being prov'd on a trial at Guild-Hall that a man's name was really Inch, who pretended it was Linch, I see, said the judge, the old proverb is verified in this man, who being allowed an Inch has taken an L.

There being a great disturbance one night at Drury-lane play-house, the late Mr. Wilks, coming upon the stage to say something to pacify the audience, and an orange being thrown full at him, which when he had taken up, making a low bow, with the orange in his hand, This is no civil orange, I think, said he.

A certain poet and player, remarkable for his impudence and cowardice, happening many years ago to have a quarrel with Mr. Powell, another player, received from him a smart box on the ear; a few days after, the poetical player having lost his snuff-box, was making strict enquiry if any body had seen his box, What said another of the theatrical punsters, that which George Powel gave you the other night,

Mr. H——rr——n, one of the commissioners of the revenue in Ireland, being one night in the pit at the play house in Dublin, Monaca Gaul, the orange girl, famous for her wit and assurance, striding over his back, he popp'd his hands under her petticoats. Nay, Mr. Commissioner, said she, you'll find no goods there but what have been fairly enter'd.

In the reign of queen Anne, when it was said the lord Oxford had got a number of peers made at orce to serve a particular turn, being met the next day by my lord Wharton; So Robin, said he, I find what you have lost by tricks, you have gain'd by honours.

Sir T. P. once in parliament, brought in a bill that wanted some amendment, which being not attended to by the house, he frequently repeated, That he thirsted to mend his bill. Upon which, a worthy member got up, and said, Mr. Speaker, I humbly move, since that member thirsts so very much, that he may be allowed to mend his draught. This put the house in such a good humour, that his request was granted.

A certain country 'squire asked a Merry Andrew Why he played the fool? for the same reason, said he that you do; out of want: You do it for want of wit, I do it for want of money.

When the duke of Ormond was young, and came first to court, he happened to stand next to my lady Dorchester one evening in the drawing-room, who being but little upon reserve on most occasions, let a fart; upon which, he looked her full in the face, and laughed, What is the matter, my lord? said she. Oh! I heard it, madam, replied the duke. You will make a fine courtier, indeed, said she, if you mind every thing you hear in this place.

A poor man, who had a termagant wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the word, told her, if she spoke one crooked word more, he would beat her brains out. Why then, ramshorns, you rogue, said she, if I die for it.

A gentleman asked a lady at Tunbridge who had made a very large acquaintance among the beaux and pretty fellows there, what she would do with them all? Oh! said she, they pass off like the waters. And pray madam, replied the gentleman, do they all pass the same way?

An hackney-coachman, who was just set up, had heard that the lawyers used to club their three pence

a piece, four of them to go to Westminster ; and being called by a lawyer at Temple-Bar, who, with two others in their gowns, got into his coach, he was bid to drive to Westminster-hall ; but the coachman still holding his door open, as if he waited for more company, one of the gentlemen asked him why he did not shut the door, and go on ? The fellow scratching his head, cried. You know, master, my fare is a shilling ; I cannot go for nine-pence.

Gun Jones, who had made a handsome fortune from a very mean beginning, happening to have some words with a person who had known him for some time, was asked by the other, How he could have the impudence to give himself so many airs to him, when he knew very well, that he remembered him seven years before, when he had hardly a rag to his a——. You lie, sirrah, replied Jones ; for seven years ago I had nothing but rags to my a——.

A gentleman told Betty Careless, upon shewing her legs, that they must needs be twins. But indeed, said she, you are mistaken ; for I have had more than one or two between them.

A lady seeing the sheriff of a county who was a very handsome young gentleman, attending the judge, who was an old man ; a gentleman, standing by, asked her which she liked best, the judge or the sheriff ? The lady told him the sheriff. Why so ? said the Gentleman Because, answered she, though I love judgment well, I love execution better.

One told another, who was not used to be clothed very often, that his new coat was too short for him ; That's true, answered his friend ; but it will be long enough before I get another.

A certain lady, finding her husband somewhat too familiar with her chambermaid, turned her away

immediately. Huffy, said she, I have no occasion for such fluts as you, only to do that work which I chuse to do myself.

Although the infirmities of nature are not proper subjects to be made a jest of; yet when people take a great deal of pains to conceal what every body sees, there is nothing more ridiculous: Of this sort was old Cross the player, who being very deaf, did not care any body should know it. Honest Joe Miller, going with a friend one day along Fleet-street and seeing old Cross on the other side of the way, told his acquaintance he should see some sport; so beckoning to Cross with his finger, and stretching open his mouth as wide as ever he could, as if he halloo'd to him, though he said nothing, the old fellow came puffing from the other side of the way, What a pox, said he, do you make such a noise for? Do you think one cannot hear?

Joe Miller, another day, sitting in the window at the Sun Tavern in Clare-street, while a fish woman was passing by, crying, Buy my souls, Buy my maids. Ah! you wicked old creature, said Joe, are you not contented to sell your own soul but you must sell your maid's too.

Sir William Davenant, the poet, who had no nose, going along the Meuse one day, a beggar woman followed him, crying, Ah God preserve your eye sight, Sir; the Lord preserve your eye-sight. Why, good woman, said he, dost thou pray so much for my eye-sight? Ah! dear Sir, answered the woman, if it should please God that you grow dim-sighted, you have no place to hang your spectacles on.

A conceited fellow, who fancied himself a poet, asked Nat Lee, if it was not easy to write like a madman,

madman, as he did? No, answered Nat; but it is easy to write like a fool as you do.

Colley Cibber, who, notwithstanding his edes, has now and then said a good thing, being told one night behind the scenes by the late duke of Wharton, that he expected to see him hanged or beggared very soon; By G-d, said the laureat, if I had your Grace's politics and morals, you might expect both.

Dr. Sewel, and two or three more gentlemen, walking towards Hampstead, on a summer's day, were met by the famous Daniel Purcell, the punster, who was very importunate with them to know upon what account they were going thither. The doctor merrily answered him, To make hay. Very well, replied the other, you will be there at a very convenient season, the country wants rakes.

A gentleman was saying one day at the Tilt Yard Coffee-house, when it rain'd exceedingly hard, that it put him in mind of the general deluge. Zoons, Sir, said an old campaigner, who stood by, Who is that? I have heard of all the generals in Europe but him.

Mother Needham, about 50 years ago, being much in arrears with her landlord for rent, was warmly pressed by him for his money: Dear Sir said she, how can you be so pressing at this dead time of the year; in about six weeks both the P——t and the C——nv——c——n will sit, and then business will be so brisk, that I shall be able to pay you ten times the Sum.

Lore R—— having lost fifty pistoles one night at the gaming table in Dublin, some friends condoling with him upon his ill luck; Faith, said he, I am very well pleased at what I have done; for I

have bit them, by G——, there is not one pistol that does not want sixpence of weight.

A traveller coming into the kitchen of an inn, in a very cold night, stood so close to the fire that he burnt his boots. An arch rogue, who sat in the chimney corner, cried out to him, Sir, Sir, you will burn your spurs presently. My boots you mean, I suppose, said the gentleman. No Sir, replied the other, they are burnt already.

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air; Well, honest fellow said he, 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labours. To which the countryman replied, 'Tis very likely you may, truly; for I am sowing hemp.

Villiers, the witty and extravagant duke of Buckingham, in king Charles the 1st's time, was saying one day to Sir Robert Viper, in a melancholic humour, I am afraid, I shall die a beggar at last, which is the most terrible thing in the world: Upon my word, my lord, said Sir Robert, there is another thing more terrible which you have reason to apprehend, and that is, That you will live a beggar, at the rate you go on.

The same noble duke, another time, was making his complaint to Sir John Cutler, a rich miser, of the disorder of his affairs, and asked him what he should do to prevent the ruin of his estate? Live as I do, my lord, said Sir John; That I can do, answered the duke, when I am ruined.

At another time a person, who had been a dependant on his grace, begged his interest for him at court; and to press the thing more home upon

upon the duke, said, He had nobody to depend upon but God and his Grace, then says the duke, you are in a miserable way ; for you could not have pitched upon any two who have less interest at court.

A lady being asked how she liked a gentleman's smelling, who had a very stinking breath : The words are good, said she, but the air is intolerable.

The late Mrs. Oldfield being asked if she thought Sir W. Y. and Mrs. H--n, who had both stinking breaths, were married ; I do not know, said she, whether they are married ; but, I am sure there is a wedding between them.

A gentleman saying something of an ugly wench with a red face, another said her face always put him in mind of Marybone Park ; being desired to explain himself, said, it was vastly rude, and had not one bit of pale about it.

A pragmatICAL young fellow, sitting at table over against the learned John Scot, asked him, What difference there was between Scot and sot ? just the breadth of the table, answered the other.

Sir Thomas More for a long time having only daughters, his wife prayed earnestly that they might have a boy ; at last they had a boy, who when he came to man's estate, proved but simple : Thou prayedst so long for a boy, said Sir Thomas to his wife, that at last thou hast got one who will be a boy as long as he lives.

The same gentleman, when Lord Chancellor, being pressed by the counsel of a party, for a longer day to perform a decree, said, Take St. Barnaby's day, the longest in the year ; which happened to be the next week.

This

This famous chancellor, who preserved his humour and wit to the last moment, when he came to be executed on Tower-hill, the headsmen demanded his upper garment as his fee; Ah! friend said he, taking off his cap, that I think is my upper garment.

The great Algernon Sidney seem'd to shew as little concern at his death; he had, indeed, got some friends to intercede with the king for a pardon; but when it was told him, that his majesty could not be prevailed upon to give him his life; but that, in regard of his ancient and noble family, he would remit part of his sentence, and only have his head cut off, Nay, said he, if his Majesty is resolved to have my head, he may make a whistle of my a-- if he pleases.

Lady C---g and her two daughters, having taken lodgings at a leather breeches maker's in Piccadilly, the sign of the Cock and Leather Breeches was always put to the blush, when she was obliged to give directions to her lodgings, the sign being so odd; upon which my lady, a very good sort of a woman, sending for her landlord, a jolly young fellow, told him, she lik'd him and his lodgings very well, but must be forced to quit them on account his sign; for she was ashamed to tell any body what it was. Oh dear madam! said the young fellow, I would do any thing rather than lose so good lodgers; I can easily alter my sign: So I think replied the lady; and I'll tell you how you may please both me and my daughters; Only take down your breeches and let your cock stand.

When Rabelais, the greatest drole in France, lay on his death bed, he could not help jesting at the very last moment; for having received the
extreme

extreme unction, a friend coming to see him, said, He hoped he was prepared for the next world: Yes yes, replied Rabelais, I am ready for my journey now; they have just greased my boots.

Henry the IVth of France, reading an ostentatious inscription on the monument of a Spanish officer, Here lies the body of Don, &c. &c. &c. who never knew what fear was, Then, said the king, he never snuffed a candle with his fingers.

A certain member of the french academy, who was no good friend to the abbot Furetiere, one day took the seat which was commonly used by the abbot, and soon after having occasion to speak, and Furetiere being by that time come in, Here is a place, said he, gentlemen, from whence I am likely to utter a thousand impertinences. Go on, answered Furetiere, there's one already.

When Sir Richard Steele was sitting up his great room in York Buildings, which he intended for public orations, he happened at a time to be pretty much behind hand with his workmen; and coming one day among them, to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the rostrum, and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard; the fellow mounting, and scratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no orator. Oh! said the knight, no matter for that, speak any thing that comes uppermost. Why here, Sir Richard, says the fellow, we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of money: Pray Sir, when do you design to pay us? Very well, very well, said Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough, I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't admire your subject.

A country clergyman, meeting a neighbour who never came to church, although an old fellow of above sixty, he gave him some reproof on that account, and asked if he never read at home, No, replied the clown, I can't read. I dare say, said the parson, you don't know who made you; Not I, in troth, cry'd the countryman. A little boy coming by at the same time, Who made you, child, said the parson. God, Sir, answered the boy. Why look you there, quoth the honest clergyman, are not you asham'd to hear a child of five or six years old tell me who made him, when you, that are so old a man, cannot; Ah! said the countryman it is no wonder that he should remember; he was made but t'other day, it is a great while, measter, sin I war made.

A certain reverend drone in the country, was complaining to another, That it was a great fatigue to preach twice a day, Oh! said the other, I preach twice every Sunday, and make nothing of it.

One of the afore said Levites, as was his custom, preaching most exceedingly dull to a congregation not used to him, many of them slunk out of the church, one after another, before the sermon was near ended. Truly, said a gentleman present, this learned doctor has made a very moving discourse.

The late duke of Wharton, going through Holborn, in a hackney coach with Phil F—, saw a fellow a drumming before the door of a puppet show; Now, this is a pretty employment, Phil, said the duke; if you were reduc'd so low, that you were oblig'd to be either a highwayman or a drummer to a puppet show, which would you chuse, Faith, my Lord, answer'd Phil. I would be the highwayman rather than the other. Ay, reply'd the duke,

duke, that confirms the opinion always had of you that you have more pride than honesty.

A certain senator, who is not, it may be esteemed the wisest man in the house, has a frequent custom of shaking his head, when another speaks; which giving offence to a particular person, he complained of the indignity shewn to him; but one who had been acquainted with the first gentleman from a child, as he told the house, assured them, That it was only a bad habit that he had got, for though he would shake his head, there was nothing in it.

A French marquis, being one day at dinner at the late Sir Roger Williams's, the famous punster and publican, was boasting of the happy genius of his nation, in projecting all the fine modes and fashions, particularly the ruffle, which he said, Was de finé ornament to de hand, and had been followed by all de other nations. Roger allowed what he said, but at the same time, That the English, according to custom, had made a great improvement upon the invention, by adding the shirt to it.

A young gentleman playing at questions and commands with some pretty young ladies, was commanded to take off a garter from one of them, but she, as soon as he had laid hold of her petticoats run away into the next room, where was a bed: Now, madam, said he, tripping up her heels, I bar squeaking. Bar the door, you fool, cry'd she.

A very modest young gentleman, of the county of Tipperary, having attempted many ways in vain to acquire the affections of a lady of great fortune, at last was resolved to try what could be done by the help of music, and therefore entertained
her

her with a serenade under her window at midnight; but she ordered her servants to drive him from thence by throwing stones at him: Oh! my friend, said one of his companions, your music is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it draws the very stones about you.

Some unlucky boys, the scholars of Dr. Busby, at Westminster, besmeared the stairs leading to the school, with something that shall be nameless; the doctor, as it was design'd befoul'd his fingers very much in it; which so enrag'd him, that he cried out; He would give any boy half a crown that would discover who had a hand in it; Upon which an arch boy immediately told him; for that reward he would let him know who had a hand in it; Well, said the doctor, I will certainly give you the half crown, if you tell me the truth. Why then, answer'd the boy, you had a hand in it, or you would not have been so beset.

A young gentleman, who had stolen a ward, being in suit for her fortune, before a late Lord Chancellor, and the Counsel insisting much on the equity of the decreeing her fortune for their maintenance; his Lordship turn'd briskly upon him with this sentence, That since the suitor had stolen the flesh, he should get bread to it how he could.

A very harmless irishman, eating an apple-pye with some quinces in it, Arrah now, dear honey, said he, if a few of these quinces give such a flavour, how would an apple-pye taste made of all quinces.

M O R A L

MORAL SENTENCES.

WIT is a justness of thought, and a facility of expression; or, in the midwives phrase, a perfect conception with an easy delivery.

Silence is the surest friend of him who stands in distrust of himself.

The defects of wit increase in growing old, as well as those of the face.

If a book can't answer for itself, to the public, it is to no sort of purpose for its author to do it.

The greater a man's merit, the more obnoxious it is to be traduced.

The chattering of monkeys is a better noise than a concert of senseless mirth.

It is a foolish gaiety to take notice of things which put others to the blush.

To refuse a praise is only to invite and draw on another.

There are few persons so wise as to prefer the gentle reproaching council that avails them, before the praises which betray them.

Praise is a kind of delicate concealed flattery, which differently satisfies him who gives it, and him who receives it. For this receives it as due to his merit, and the other gives it as a testimony of his justice and judgment.

A woman takes compliment for demonstration, and sets it up as an evidence even against her looking glass.

Vanity makes a woman tainted with it, so topful of herself that she spill^{eth} it upon the company.

The greatest part of a fine lady's fancy is laid out in choosing her gown, as her discretion is chiefly employed in not paying for it.

A woman should not be proud of a fine gown, nor when she has less wit than her neighbours, comfort herself that she has more lace.

A coquet is a sort of beautiful desert in wax work, that tempts the fool to an entertainment, merely to baulk his appetite.

People at any time change a present uneasiness for any other condition tho' a worse.

It is wrong to lay out friendship too lavishly at first, since it will like other things, be so much the sooner spent.

No enmity is so bitter as that of alienated friends, and no persecution so bad as that of apostates.

It is not improbable but God may be delighted with the various methods of worshipping him, which divide the whole world.

Enthusiasm is a kind of over-weaning and groundless persuasion of being the particular favourite of Heaven.

Belief necessarily follows evidence, and where the evidence does not appear sufficient, a man cannot believe if he would.

The meditation of heavenly things produces admirable irradiations in the understanding.

There are certain crimes, which in our opinion become innocent by their noise, their number and excess; from hence it comes that public robbers gather strength, take provinces, and call it glorious conquest.

The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice, than the best that ever was preached upon that subject.

Nothing

Nothing is more dangerous than the unhappy passion of jealousy, which, though it is said to be the child of love, yet like the viper, its birth is the certain destruction of the parent.

At an elegant entertainment, tho' we do not perhaps taste of every dish, yet we admire the general disposition of the whole.

The handsome mien, and genteel carriage of the body, is a advantageous as the understanding of the mind.

A great and glorious title to a coxcomb, serves but to render him more despicable.

The greatest remark of extraordinary merit, is to find even those that envy it, praise it.

Wit cannot play long upon a good natured person.

Avarice is more opposite to good husbandry, than liberality.

While cowardice and fear keep us honest and loyal, our virtue gets the honour of it.

Government is an art, whereby a civil society of men is instituted and preserved upon the foundation of common right or interest.

Our government is an empire of laws and not of men.

What is constrained, and done by force, is by law declared to be null and void.

Ceremony is nothing in itself and yet does every thing: for without ceremony there would be no distinction either in church or state.

The horse of spirit is governed by the very shadow of the switch; whereas the dull jade is not quickened even by the spurs.

The short sighted vulgar, in the chain of causes, seldom sees farther than one link.

Some princes who are naturally beneficent, countenance all vices by their weakness such know not the value of virtue, and are only go'd by complexion.

One gives nothing so liberally as council.

Every body complains of his want of memory, but few or none of their want of judgment.

The true way to be deceived, is to fancy you have more cunning than another.

Use every man after his deserts, and who shall escape whipping.

Large trees are a long time a growing, tho' an hour be sufficient to cut them down.

Fortitude in the largest sense consists in not permitting our irascible affections to exceed those evils or dangers which we seek to repel or avoid.

A kind look or word from a superior is strangely charming, and insensibly steals men's hearts from them.

Some people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindness, to put you in mind of bestowing another.

Praising one in the wrong place is turning panegyrick into lampoon.

Women, in London, are like rich silks, they are out of fashion a great while before they wear out.

Honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a fauce to sugar.

When a gentleman speaks coarsely, he has dress'd himself to no purpose.

An object in possession seldom retains the same charms it had in pursuit,

Gaming is an amusement but to those who want conversation.

The wit of man cannot invent any thing more conducive to virtue, and destructive of vice, than the drama.

Men run into the most excesses, by not being allowed regular and sober pleasures.

To shew a just reason for what one asks, is to intercede in the strongest manner.

A queen, if she lay with her groom, would expect a mark of his kindness from him, tho' it were but his curry-comb.

Modesty is not only confined to face, she is there only in shadow and effigy, but is in life and motion in the words.

A wise dissimulation or very calm notice, is the likeliest means of reclaiming a bad husband; for where men have not put off humanity, there is a native compassion to a meek sufferer.

Tho' hope be faithless and flattering, yet it fails not however to bring us to the end of life's tedious journey thro' an agreeable way.

The world is never wanting when a coxcomb is accomplishing himself, to help to give him the finishing stroke.

In writing sometimes our first thoughts are best as the first squeezing of the grapes make the finest and richest wine.

As it is the character of a great wit to express much in few words, so it is of little wit to talk much to little purpose.

Virtue loses itself in interest, as rivers are lost in the sea.

We easily forget our faults, when they are known to nobody but ourselves,

A prince by evil government is precluded from all tranquility here, and from any honourable name hereafter.

Some nations have no hereditary honours, wisely judging that rewards which are due to perso-

nal merit, should not by artifice, be entailed upon merit merely derivative.

There are some wounds not to be cured without cicatrizing.

As death is only a passage to happiness, if we have lived well; therefore let us so live as to destroy the fear of it.

Liberty never flourishes so happily as under a good king.

Laws are like cobwebs, which catch the small flies, but are broken through by the great ones.

To hear with patience, and answer aptly, is the greatest easy perfection of conversation.

A total abstinence from intemperance or business is no more philosophy than a total conspiation of the senses is repose.

In all things where our interest is concerned, we catch at every trifling hope, and are deluded by every little appearance.

We have so good an opinion of ourselves, that they tell us no news who speak well of us.

We find few ungrateful while we are in a condition to oblige.

The greatest men may sometimes overshoot themselves but their very mistakes are so many lessons of instruction.

Poverty keeps us in a due state of mind and body; prosperity, as it is not every one's fortune, so every one cannot bear it.

A beautiful face is a silent commendation, as a good outside is the best Sir Clement Cotterel in a strange place:

A woman never repents of a fool so heartily, as in the arms of a man of sense.

Were we to believe nothing but what we can comprehend, every man upon the face of the earth would be an Atheist.

Death only has a key of a miser's chest, and the devil unlocks it.

He who laughs at mischief tells us he is pleased that it is done, tho' he is sorry that he had no hand in it.

Collectors for the poor provide usually for themselves first, imagining, as they say, that charity begins at home.

What are vices in some are virtues in others, according to circumstances and constitutions of mankind.

Princes, as they are said to be the fountain of honour, should never be dry by being worse than their words.

A gamester, the greater master he is in the art, the worse man he is.

In taking revenge, the very haste we make is criminal.

He that injures one, threatens an hundred.

That sick man does ill for himself, who makes his physician his heir.

'Tis part of the gift, if you deny handsomely what is asked of you.

The coward calls himself a weary man, the miser says he is frugal, and the fool cries up his own wit.

'Tis a strange desire which men have, to seek power and lose liberty.

'Tis safer sleeping in a good conscience than a whole skin.

The sensible man, and the silent woman, are the best conversation.

The

The best company makes the upper end of the table, not the salt.

He that lets his tongue run before his wit, cuts other men's meat, and his own fingers.

A insufficient old man, marrying a young wife, is like the vanity of taking a fine house, and yet be forc'd to let lodgings to help to pay the rent.

A rich fool among the wise, is like a gilt empty bowl among the thirsty.

Beauty in a virtuous woman is like the bellows, whose breath is cold, yet makes others burn.

Wit and a woman are two frail things, and both the frailer by concurring.

In a mixt monarchy salaries should not be so great as to make those desires who do not want them.

When salaries run high, and that for little or no service, we ever think nobody deserves but ourselves.

Debauching a member of the house of commons from his principles, and creating a peer, is not much better than making a woman a whore, and afterwards marrying her.

An unquiet life between man and wife lessens both in the esteem of their neighbours.

Beasts of pleasure are seldom beasts of burden; but of the two, a prince had much better make a favourite of his minister, than a minister of his favourite.

A prince who parts with his friends to please his enemies, cools the one and inflames the other.

A prince's word ought to be equal to the oath of a private person: he should consider well before he gives it, but no consideration can excuse the breach of it.

When the people press for a new ministry they do not mean a new set, but a new sort of men.

A man ought to be deaf to all insinuations of liberty, till he has satisfied the clamour of right and justice.

Want of good laws is a very great defect; but want of due execution of them corrupts the very vitals of government.

What signifies a king's prerogative of chusing officers military and civil, while his courtiers have that of disposing of their places?

Brains and heads, not powder and perukes, must support a government.

Moderate councils are safest both for him who takes and for him who gives them.

Adventures are like leaps in hunting, they bring you into the chace sooner, but may chance to cost you a fall.

Great men care not to converse with any but such as are inferior to them in parts.

A tall tree seems yet taller among shrubs, as some men's friendship shew their contempt.

Tho' the people are not apt to perceive their disease, when shew'd them, yet they seldom fail of finding a remedy.

Dogs know their own physic.

A prince that exalts a favourite, degrades himself.

He that procures the benefit will sometimes be thought the benefactor.

A king of England, if he pleases, may ride his ministers, and spur them too; otherwise they will be apt to ride him.

When ministers refuse to serve upon their own terms, they are no longer servants, but masters.

Ministers that are allow'd to put in and out when they please, make themselves friends, but their prince enemies.

A prince had better govern himself than impotently.

'Twas aptly said, That a courtier out of favour was like a lanthorn without a candle.

Men as well as women are debauch'd by opportunity.

An English discontent is like a dog shut out of doors in a cold night, who only howls to be let in.

A dull fellow presum'd sincere; a man that knows tricks is thought to use them; so that we are upon our guard with one, and lie open to the other.

Learning makes a good man better, an ill one worse.

Not this, or that man, but mankind in general is the rogue: He that makes the exception does it at his own peril.

'Tis great impotence in a prince not to be able to keep his word: Not to be willing is somewhat worse.

The defensive weapons of peace ought to be first try'd, such as embassies and treaties, in order to a reconciliation.

If war must ensue, let it be rather urging than a hectic fever.

Honour and honesty are profess'd every where, yet are very scarce to be found.

If a man walks lame he is pity'd; if he dances lame he is laugh'd at; The one is unavoidable, the other is not.

Modesty is a kind of fear that sinks a good man to the bottom.

Greater things might, and would be done, where we not so severe upon miscarriages:

Old men say they are weary of the world, but the world is first weary of them.

A moderate man may be a friend to his country, when the furious and violent are generally factious.

Fancy and wisdom seldom go together? nor are they fruits for the same soil of reason.

Such as best deserve friends are least industrious in procuring them.

A woman had rather loose her gallant at Tyburn, than to a rival.

Witty men commit the most fatal errors, as the strongest horses make the most dangerous stumbles.

Men are commonly cheated when they first enter upon play; and women in the first intrigue.

Fear may keep a man out of danger, but courage can only support him in it.

Orders and professions ought not to entrench upon each other, lest in time they make a confusion among themselves.

A gentleman is judg'd by his company; a workman by his tools: and a prince by his ministers.

Men venerate ancient virtue, and envy the present; while we look upon em thro' such different glasses, the former must carry it.

If a man be powerful, 'tis ten to one if I be the better for him; if he be agreeable, 'tis the same odds but I am; yet the one is courted; the other is not.

Men are wanting to opportunity, but opportunity to more.

The good opinion we have of ourselves is the foundation of what we have of others.

It is pity that the justice of a man's cause cannot always carry it against the subtilty of his adversaries council.

No man has a particular fault, which he does not think he finds in all mankind.

Interest, that makes some men blind, makes others very sharp sighted.

The artful doing of an indifferent thing sometimes gains a person as much reputation as true merit.

A young wench oftentimes loves a chageable bully better than a kind keeper.

Most men are shock'd when any one is very much commended, We think every body flater d but ourselves.

Reputation is a greater tie upon women than nature, or they would not commit murder to prevent infamy.

When a woman has granted one thing, she can afterwards deny nothing.

An unexpected turn of affairs has frequently given a lustre to an indifferent statesman.

Nothing makes so easy in the unequal distribution of the goods of fortune, as the opinion we have of our own deserts.

We ought not to flater ourselves, that we please in all things, since it would be sufficient if we could please in some;

Either decline being trusted with a secret, or endeavour to render yourself capable of keeping it.

Jealousy is a pardonable passion ; it is only a desire of keeping what is our own, or what at least, we think so.

If we had not faults of our own, we should not be so glad to observe them in other people.

Some persons preach and pray themselves into religion, as Hobbes disputed himself out of it.

The lives of the clergy seconds their doctrines so ill that they make atheists of those that might prove honourable converts.

He who makes a jest of the frailties of nature upbraids the God of nature.

Such persons as are in haste to shew their wit, lose the grace of it, and offend in conversation, as importunate beggars do while they hang about your coach.

E P I G R A M S.

A RECEIPT to make an EPIGRAM;

By the Right Hon. the late Lord Hervey.

A pleasing subject first with care provide:
 Your matter must with nature be supply'd;
 Nervous your diction, be your measure long.
 Nor fear your verse too stiff if sense be strong:
 In proper places proper numbers use,
 And now the quicker, now the slower chuse:
 Too soon the dactyl the performance ends,
 But the slower spondee coming thoughts suspends;
 Your last attention on the string bestow,
 To that your good or ill success you'll owe;
 For there not wit alone must shine, but humour flow.
 Observing these your Epigram's completed;
 Nor fear 'twill tire, tho' seven times repeated.

On MILTON. By Mr. DRYDEN.

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
 The first in loftiness of thought surpass;
 The next in majesty; in both the last,
 The force of nature could no farther go;
 To make a third she join'd the former two,

To a Lady who was against the Quakers Bill.

AT Quakers, dear Eusebia, why so wrath?
 Just the same principles direct you both:
 Just the same practice, (and you'll ne'er forsake it)
 Never to give the thing, but let us take it.

On MAIDS.

MOST maids resemble Eve, now in their lives,
Who are no sooner women, but they're wives.

On Quin's comparing Garrick to Whitefield, and
saying, that the people that were madding it after
him, would return to the old church [meaning
himself.] By G---ck.

POPE Quin, who damns all churches but his own
Complains that heresy miff ads the town,
That whitefield-Garrick does corrupt the age,
And taints the sound religion of the stage,
— Thou great infallible! forbear to roar;
Thy bulls and errors are rever'd no more.
Where doctrines meet with gen'ral approbation,
It is not heresy but reformation.

SUSANNAH and the Two ELDERS. By
Mr. Cobb.

WHEN fair Sufannah, in a cool retreat
Of shady arbours, shunn'd the sultry hear,
Two wanton lechers to her garden came,
And, rushing furious, seiz'd the trembling dame,
What female strength could do, her arms perform
And guarded well the fort they strove to storm,
The story's antient, and (if rightly told)
Young was the lady, but the lovers old.
Had the reverse been true! had authors sung,
How that the dame was old, the lovers young
If she had then the blooming, pair deny'd,
With tempting youth and vigour on their side,
Lord! how the story would have shock'd my creed!
For that had been a miracle indeed.

*On the Grave Stone of a Blacksmith, buried in Chester-
Church yard.*

MY sledge and hammer lie reclin'd,
My bellows too have lost their wind,
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
And in the dust my vice is laid;
My coal is spent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done,
My fire-dry'd corpse lies here at rest,
My soul, smoky like, is soaring to be blest.

*On a monument intended to be erected for Mr. Rowe,
by his widow Written before Mr. Dryden's was
set up. By Mr. Pope.*

THY reliques, Rowe, to this fair shrine we trust,
And, sacred place by Dryden's awful dust,
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall gain enquiring eyes
Peace to thy Gentle shade, and endless rest,
Blest in the genius, in thy love too blest;
One greatful woman to thy fame supply'd
What a whole thankless land to his deny'd.

On the late Lord H—y. By the late E. of C—d.

Nature, whilst H—y's clay was blending,
Uncertain what the thing would end in,
Whether a female, or a male,
A Pin dropt in, and turn'd the scale.

WHILE bunters attending the Archbishop's door,
Accosted each other with cheat, bitch and whore
I noted the drabs, and considering the place,
Concluded 'twas plain that they wanted *his grace*.

By Dean Swift.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heel and run for his life,
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble:

And skreen'd him at once from the shrew and rabble
 Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice:
 But Tom is a fellow of humour so nice,
 Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warning
 He sent to all three a challenge next morning;
 He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his life,
 Then went home again, and was thrash'd by his wife.

*On Crassus, a covetous Person. By the late Mr.
 Amhurst.*

UNFORM'D in nature's shop while Crassus lay,
 A cumb'rous heap of coarse neglected clay,
 Pray madam, says the foreman of the trade,
 What of yon paltry rubbish must be made?
 For it's too gross, said he, and unrefin'd,
 To be the carcase of a thinking mind;
 Then its too lumpish, and too stiff to make
 A fop, a beau, a whitling, or a rake;
 Nor is it for a lady's footman fit;
 For ladies' foemen must have sense and wit;
 A warrior must be vigilant and bold,
 And therefore claims a brisk and active mould;
 A statesman must be skill'd in various arts;
 A mistress must have charms, a pimp have parts;
 A lawyer without craft will get no fees;
 This matter, therefore, will make none of these;
 In short, I plainly think it good for nought,
 But, madam, I desire your better thought.
 Why, Tom, said she, in a disdainful tone,
 Amongst the sweepings let it then be thrown.
 Or make——a parson of the useless stuff,
 'Twill serve a preaching blockhead well enough.

MENS MULIEBRIS.

NATURE to all does kind provision make,
 And what men want in head they have in back;
 Then who can disapprove the fair one's rules,
 Who talk with men of sense, but kiss, with fools?

One thing needful.

T——R, a priest of modern date,
 (Our modern priests are short and fat,)
 Perch'd in the pulpit, gravely cries,
 Young men and maidens, great and small,
 There's **One thing needful for you all*
 And he the virgin's wants supplies.

The Lover's Legacy.

UNHAPPY Strephon, dead and cold,
 His heart was from his bosom rent,
 Embalm'd and in a box of gold,
 To his beloved Kitty sent.
 Some ladies might, perhaps, have fainted,
 But Kitty smil'd upon the bauble;
 A pin-cushion, said she, I wanted,
 Go put it on the dressing-table.

*Written in the leaves of a fan. By Dr. Atterbury,
 late Bishop of Rochester.*

FLAVIA the least and lightest toy,
 Can with resistless art employ;
 This fan in meaner hands wou'd prove,
 An Engine of small force in love;

** Alluding to his text:*

Yet

Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
 Not to be told or fairly seen,
 Directs its wanton motion so,
 That it wounds more than cupid's bow;
 Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
 To every other breast a flame.

Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt's Tomb. By Mr. Pope.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near.
 Here lies the *friend* most wept, the son most dear.
 Who ne'er new joy but friendship might divide,
 Nor gave his father *grief*——but when he dy'd:
 How vain is reason; eloquence how weak,
 When Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak,
 Yet let thy once lov'd friend inscribe the stone,
 And with a father's sorrow mix his own,
 Ah, no! 'tis vain to strive——it will not be
 No grief that can be told is felt for thee.

Prometheus ill painted, By Mr. Cowley:

HOW wretched does Prometheus' state appear,
 Whilst he his second mis'ry suffers here,
 Draw him no more, lest, at he tortur'd stands,
 He blames great Jove's less than the painter's hands,
 It would the vulture's cruelty outgo,
 If once again his liver thus should grow,
 Pity him, Jove, and his bold theft allow;
 The flames he once stoie from thee grant him now.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies a lady, who, if not belov'd,
 Took wise St. Paul's advice and all things try'd
 Nor

Nor stop she here; but follow'd thro' the rest,
And always stuck the longest to the best.

The Cure of Love.

WHEN, Chloe, I confess my pain,
In gentle words your pity shew,
But gentle words are all in vain,
Such gales my flame but higher blow:
Ah, Chloe, would you cure the smart
Your conqu'ring eyes have keenly made
Yourself upon my bleeding heart,
Yourself fair Chloe, must be laid.
Thus for the viper's sting we know,
No surer remedy is found,
Than to apply the tort'ring foe,
And squeeze his venom on the wound.

Epitaph on an unknown person.

WITHOUT a name, for ever senseless, dumb,
Dust, ashes, nought else, lies within this tomb,
Where e'er I liv'd, or dy'd, it matters not;
To whom related or by whom begot,
I was, but am not, ask no more of me;
It's all I am, and all that thou shalt be.

*In a window of a room in the Tower of London is
wrote, R. Walpole, 1712,
Underneath that are the following lines.*

GOOD unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again,
And fall so hard they bound to rise again.

Epitaph

Epitaph on a talkative old Maid.

BENEATH this silent stone is laid
 A noisy antiquated maid,
 Who, from her cradle, talk'd till death,
 And ne'er before was out of breath.
 Whither she's gone we cannot tell,
 For if she talks not she's in hell:
 If she's in heaven she's there unblest;
 Because she hates a place of rest.

An Epitaph on little Stephen, a noted fiddler in the county of Suffolk.

STEPHEN and Time
 Are now both even;
 Stephen beat Time,
 Now Time beats Stephen.

On a Lady who was very handsome and very kind.

CHLOE's the wonder of her sex,
 'Tis well her heart is tender:
 How might such killing eyes perplex,
 With virtue to defend her!
 But nature, graciously inclin'd,
 Not bent to vex, but please us,
 Has to her boundless beauty join'd
 A boundless will to ease us:

To a Sempstress.

OH, what bosom but must yield,
 When, like Pallas, you advance,
 With a thimble for your shield,

And

And a needle for your lance.
 Fairest of the stitching train,
 Ease my passion by your art;
 And in pity to my pain,
 Mend the hole that's in my heart.

Under the picture of a Bean.

THIS vain thing set up for a man,
 But see what fate attends him;
 The powd'ring barber first began,
 The barber-surgeon ends him.

On a Prize Fighter.

HIS thrusts like light'ning flew, yet subtle death
 Parried them all, and beat him out of breath.

On Chloe.

HERE Chloe lies,
 Whose once bright eyes
 Set all the world on fire:
 And not to be
 Ungrateful, she
 Did all the world admire;

On the Clare Market, and other Orators.

TO wonder now at Balaam's ass is weak,
 Is there a day that asses do not speak?

On an old Miser.

HERE lies father Sparges,
 Who dy'd to save charges,

On C H L O E.

PRITHEE is not Miss Chloe's a comical case
She lends out her tail, and she borrows a face.

Epitaph on a Miser.

READER, beware immoderate love of pelf;
Here lies the worst of thieves who robb'd himself.

*Written on the Chamber Door of King Charles II.
By the Earl of Rochester.*

HERE lies the mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

To Charinus, an ugly woman's husband.

CHARINUS, 'twas my hap of late
To have a sight of thy dear mate;
So white, so flourishing, so fair,
So trim, so modest, debonaire;
'That if great Jove would grant to me
A leash of beauties, such as she,
I'd give the devil, at one word.
Two, if he would but take the third.

Against an Atheist.

WHILST in his double elbow chair
Young Alcedor does loll and swear,
No wonder, if a wretch like me
An object's of his raillery;

Why

Why should not I a blockhead seem
 To one that does his God blaspheme?
 But no man thinks whate'er he saith
 His words are articles of faith.

Phillis's age By Mr. Prior.

HOW old may phillis be, you ask,
 Whose beauty thus all hearts engages,
 To answer is no easy task,
 For she really has two ages,
 Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
 Her patches, paint and jewels on;
 All day let envy view her face,
 And phillis is but twenty one,
 Paint, patches, and jewels, laid aside,
 At night astronomers agree,
 The evening has the day be'y'd,
 And phillis is full forty three.

*On the Death of Mary Countess of Pembroke By
 Ben Johnson.*

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse,
 Lies the subject of all verses,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
 Death, ere thou hast kil'd another,
 Fair, and learned, good as she,
 Time shall throw his dart at thee,

To a bad fiddler.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well he mov'd old nick,
 While thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle stick

*On an antient Lady who painted very much. By
James Moore Smith, Esq.*

COSMELIA's charms inspire my lays,
Who, fair in nature's scorn
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like Glastonbury thorn,
Cosmelia, cruel at threescore;
Like bards in murd'ring plays,
Four acts of life pass guiltless o'er,
But in the fifth she slays,
If e'er impatient of the bliss,
Into her arms I fall,
The plaister'd fair returns the kiss,
Like Thisbe thro' a wall.

To an old Woman who used art.

LEAVE off thy paint, perfumes, and youthful dress,
And nature's failing honestly confess;
Double we see those faults which art would mend,
Plain downright ugliness would less offend.

The Bilboquet.

AS Celia whilst her catcher play'd,
Young Damon standing by,
With am'rous looks the wanton maid,
Gave Damon it to try,
He toss'd the ball the picked way,
But could not stick it on;
Fumbler, cried she, I'll better play
With ~~two~~ than you with one.

F I N I S.



